

THE GRAND HAVEN NEWS.

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THE GRAND HAVEN NEWS.

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BY BARNES & FOSHA.

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Grand Haven, Ottawa Co., Michigan.

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Wm. M. Ferry Jr., Manufacturer of Stationary and Marine, high or low pressure Engines, Mill Gearing, Iron and Brass Castings, Ottawa Iron Works, Ferryburg, Ottawa Co., Mich. Post-Office address, Grand Haven, Mich.

John H. Newcomb, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Crockery, Hardware, Boots and Shoes, etc. State Street, Mill Point, Mich.

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Ferry & Co., Manufacturers of Lumber, Lath, Timber, Pickets, &c., and Dealers in all kinds of Merchandise, Provisions, Shingle Bolts and Shingles. Ferryville, White River, Mich.

Ferry & Son, Manufacturers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Lumber, Shingles, Lath, Pickets, Timber &c. Business Office, Water Street, Grand Haven, Mich., and 236, Adams Street, Chicago, Ill.

Boot & Shoe Manufacturing and Repairing Shop, (up stairs), over Wallace's Store. Washington Street, Grand Haven. S. KINNEY, Foreman. R. C. FOSHA.

Robinson & Co., Billiard Saloon, (up stairs), second door East of the Ottawa House, Water Street, Grand Haven, Mich.

WRITTEN IN THE SAND.

BY E. S. B. CANNING.

In merry boyhood there was one Who shared my youthful heart, We swore no fortune and no fame Our destinies should part. But as we twain to manhood grew, Time broke that golden band, And proved that mutual oath of ours Was written in the sand.

Youth came and brought a gayer dream, A fond and loving one Smiled on me till love's ties seemed bound, Too fast to be undone. Faithful till death we pledged ourselves With willing heart and hand— We lived to know that plighted vow Was written in the sand.

Ambition whispered me to try His promised path to fame, And with devotion I assayed To play the desperate game. What gained I but the blasting fire My own wild hopes had fanned! Alas, the promise I pursued Was written in the sand.

Wealth tempted me with golden hoards, Her proffers were to me Like green and sunny isles to those Long tossed upon the sea. I grasped at gain, and day by day The luring phantom proved at last A writing in the sand.

A crafty friend in joyous guise Upon my sorrows stole And with mad'ning passion urged The pleasures of the bowl. I listened, 'twas beside the hour! Till friendship, doomed and banned, I saw the mocking demon's words Were written in the sand.

TOO GOOD CREDIT.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Let me show you one of the finest pieces of cloth I have seen for six months," said a smiling storekeeper to a young married man, whose income for clerkship was in the neighborhood of seven hundred dollars.

"Don't trouble yourself, Mr. Edwards," replied the customer. "The silk and buttons are all I want."

"Oh, no trouble at all, Mr. Jacobs—no trouble at all. It is a pleasure for me to show my goods," said the storekeeper drawing from a shelf the piece of cloth he had mentioned, and throwing it upon the counter. "There," he added, as he unfolded the glossy broadcloth and clapped his hand on it complacently, "there is something worth looking at, and it's cheap as dirt. Only four dollars a yard, and worth six, every cent of it. I bought it at auction, yesterday, at a good bargain."

"It's cheap enough, certainly," remarked Jacobs, half indifferently, as he bent down to inspect the cloth; but I've no money to spare just now."

"Don't want any money," replied Edwards, "at least none from such men as you."

Jacobs looked up into the man's face in some doubt as to its meaning.

"Your credit is good," said Edwards smiling.

"Credit! I've no credit. I never asked a man to trust me in my life," returned the customer.

"I'll trust you to half that is in my store," he was answered.

"Thank you," said Jacobs, feeling a little flattered by a compliment like this. "But I've no want in dry goods to that extent. A skein of silk, and a dozen buttons for my wife, are all that I require for the present."

"You want a new coat," replied the persevering storekeeper, and he laid his hand upon the sleeve of Jacobs coat and examined it closely.

"This one is getting rusty and threadbare. A man like you should have some respect as to his appearance. Let me see. Two yards of this beautiful cloth will cost but eight dollars, and I won't send in your bill for six months. Eight dollars for a fine broadcloth coat! Think of that! Bargains of this kind don't grow on every tree."

While Edwards talked thus he was displaying the goods he wished to sell in a good way to let the rich glossy surface catch the best point of light and his quick eye soon told him that the customer was beginning to be tempted.

"I'll cut you off a coat pattern," said he, taking up his yardstick; "I know you want it. Don't hesitate about the matter."

Jacobs did not say, no, although the word was on his tongue. While he yet hesitated, the coat pattern was measured off and severed from the piece.

"There it is," came in a satisfied, half triumphant tone from the storekeepers lips. "And the greatest bargain you ever had. You want the trimmings of course."

As he spoke he turned to the shelf for padding, lining, silk, and while Jacobs, half bewildered, stood looking on, cut from one piece and another until the coat trimmings were all nicely laid out. This done Mr. Edwards faced his customer again, rubbed his hands from an internal feeling of delight, and said—

"You must have a handsome vest to go with this, of course."

"My vest is a little shabby," replied Jacobs, as he glanced downward at a garment which had seen pretty fair service.

"If that's the best you have, it will never do to go with a new coat," said Edwards in a decided tone. "Let me

show you a beautiful piece of black satin."

And so the storekeeper went on tempting his customer, until he had sold him a vest and pantaloons in addition to his coat. After that, he found no difficulty in selling him a silk dress for his wife. Having indulged himself in an entire new suit, he could not, upon reflection, think of passing by his wife, who had been wishing for a new dress for more than six months.

"Can't you think of any thing else?" inquired Edwards. "I shall be happy to supply whatever you may want in my line."

"Nothing more, I believe," answered Jacobs, whose bill was already thirty-five dollars; and he had yet to pay for making his coat, pantaloons and vest.

"But you want various articles of dry goods. In a family there is something called for every day. Tell Mrs. Jacobs to send down for whatever she may need. Never mind about the money. Your credit is good with me for any amount."

When Mr. Jacobs went home and told his wife what he had done, she, unreflecting woman, was delighted.

"I wish you had taken a piece of muslin," said she. "We want sheets and pillow cases badly."

"You can get a piece," replied Jacobs. "We must have to pay for it now. Edwards will send in the bill at the end of six months, and it will be easy enough to pay for it then."

"Oh, yes, easy enough," responded his wife confidently.

So a piece of muslin was procured on the credit account. But things did not stop here. A credit account is too often like a breach in a canal; the stream is small at first, but soon increases to a ruinous current. Now that want had found a supply source, want became more clamorous than before. Scarcely a day passed that Mr. or Mrs. Jacobs did not order something from the store, not dreaming, simple souls, than an alarming, heavy debt was accumulating against him.

As to the income of Mr. Jacobs, it was not large. He was, as has been intimated, a clerk in a wholesale store, and received a salary of seven hundred dollars a year. His family consisted of a wife and three children, and he found it necessary to be prudent in all his expenditures, in order "to make both ends meet." Somewhat independent in his feelings he had never asked for credit of any one with whom he dealt, and no one offering it, previous to the temptation inducement held out by Edwards, he had regulated his out goes by his income. By this means he had managed to keep even with the world; though not to gain any advantage on the side of fortune. Let us see if his good credit has been of any real service to him.

It was so very pleasant to have things comfortable for a little display, without feeling that the indulgence drained the purse too heavily. And weak vanity on the part of Jacobs was gratified by the flattering opinion of his honesty entertained by Edwards the storekeeper. His credit was good, and he was proud of the fact. But the day of reckoning drew near, and last it came.

Notwithstanding the credit at the dry goods store, there was no more money in the young clerk's purse at the end of six months than at the beginning. The cash that would have gone for clothing when necessity called for additions to the family wardrobe, had been spent for things the purchase of which would have been omitted but for the fact that the dollars were in the purse instead of in the storekeeper's hands and tempted needless expenditures.

The end of the six months credit approached, and the mind of Jacobs began to rest upon the dry goods dealer's bill, and to be disturbed by anxiety. As to the amount of this bill he was in some uncertainty, but he thought it could not be less than forty dollars. That was a large sum for him to owe, particularly as he had nothing ahead, and his current expenses were fully up to his income. It was now, for the first time in his life, that Jacobs felt the night-mare pressure of debt, and it seemed at times as if it would almost suffocate him.

One evening he came home, feeling more sober than usual. He had thought of little else all day except his bill at the store. On meeting his wife, he saw that something was wrong.

"What ails you, Jane?" said he kindly. "Are you sick?"

"No," was the simple reply. But her eyes dropped as she said it, and her husband saw that her lips slightly quivered. "Something is wrong, Jane," said her husband.

Tears stole to the wife's cheeks from beneath the half-closed lids—her bosom labored with the weight of some pressure. "Tell me, Jane," urged Jacobs, "if anything is wrong. Your manner alarms me. Are any of the children sick?"

"Oh, no, no. Nothing of that," was the quick reply, "but—Mr. Edwards has sent in his bill."

"That was to be expected, of course," said Jacobs, with forced calmness. "The credit was for only six months. But how much is the bill?"

His voice was unsteady as he asked the question.

"A hundred and twenty dollars!" and poor Mrs. Jacobs burst into tears.

"Impossible!" exclaimed the startled husband. "Impossible! There is some mistake. A hundred and twenty dollars! Never!"

"There is the bill," and Mrs. Jacobs drew it from her bosom.

Jacobs glanced eagerly at the footing up of the long column of figures. There were numerals to the value of one hundred and twenty dollars.

"It can't be," he said in a troubled voice, "Edwards must have made a mistake."

"So I thought when I first looked at the bill," replied Mrs. Jacobs, recovering herself, yet speaking in a sad voice. "But I am sorry to say that it's all right. I have been over it and over it again, and cannot find an error. Oh dear how foolish I have been. It was so easy to get things when no money was to be paid down. But I never thought of a bill like this. Never!"

Jacobs sat for some moments with his eyes upon the floor. He was thinking rapidly.

"So much for a good credit," he said at length taking a long breath. "What a fool I have been. That fellow Edwards, has gone to the windward of me completely. He knew that if he got me on his back, he would secure three dollars to one of my money, beyond what he would get by the cash down system. One hundred and twenty dollars in six months—Ah me, are we happier now for the extra dry goods we have procured? Not a whit. Our bodies have been a little better clothed, and our love of display gratified to some extent. But has all that wrought a compensation for the pain of this day of reckoning?"

Poor Mrs. Jacobs was silent. Sadly she was repenting of her part in the folly they had committed.

Tea time came, but neither husband nor wife could much more than taste food. That bill for a hundred and twenty dollars had taken away their appetites. The night that followed brought to neither of them a very refreshing slumber; and in the morning they awoke sober-minded, and little inclined for conversation. But the thought was in the mind of Mr. Jacobs—the bill of Mr. Edwards; and one feeling in the mind of his wife—self reproach for her part in the work of embarrassment.

"What will you do?" said Mrs. Jacobs, in a voice that was unsteady, looking into her husband's face with glistening eyes, as she laid her hand upon his arm, causing him to pause as he was about leaving the house.

"I'm sure I don't know," replied the young man gloomily, "I shall have to see Edwards, I suppose, and ask him to wait. But I'm sure I'd rather take a horse-whipping. Good credit! He'll sing a different song now."

For a moment or two longer the husband and wife stood looking at each other. Then as each sighed heavily, the former turned away and left the house. His road to business was past the store of Mr. Edwards, but he now avoided the street in which he lived, and went a whole block out of his way to do so.

"How am I to pay the bill?" murmured the unhappy Jacobs, pausing in work for the twentieth time, as he sat at his desk, and giving his mind up to troubled thoughts.

Just at this moment the senior partner in the establishment came up and stood beside him.

"Well, my young friend," said he, kindly, "how are you getting along?"

Jacobs tried to smile and look cheerful, as he replied—

"Pretty well, sir." But his voice had in it a touch of despondency.

"Let me see," remarked the employer, after a pause, "your regular year is up to-day, is it not?"

"Yes, sir," replied Jacobs, his heart sinking more heavily in his bosom, for the question suggested a discharge from his place, business having been dull for some time.

"I was looking at your account yesterday," resumed the employer "and find that it is drawn up close. Have you nothing ahead?"

"Not a dollar, I am sorry to say," returned Jacobs. "Living is expensive and I have six months to feed."

"That being the case," said the employer, as you have been faithful to us, and your services are valuable, we must add something to your salary. Now you receive seven hundred dollars?"

"Yes, sir."

"We will call it eight hundred and fifty."

A sudden light flashed into the face of the unhappy clerk; seeing which the employer, already blessed in blessing another added—

"And it shall be for the last as well as for the coming year. I will fill you out a check for a hundred and fifty dollars, as balance due you up to this day."

The feelings of Jacobs were too much agitated to trust himself to oral thanks, as he received the check, which the em-

ployer immediately filled up; but his countenance fully expressed his grateful emotions.

A little while afterwards the young man entered the store of Edwards, who met him with a smiling face.

"I have come to settle your bill," said Jacobs.

"You needn't have troubled yourself about that," replied the storekeeper, "though money is always acceptable."

The money was paid and the bill receipted, when Edwards rubbing his hands, an action peculiar to him when in happy frame of mind, said—

"And now, what shall I show you?"

"Nothing," was the young man's grave reply.

"Nothing! Don't say that," replied Edwards.

"I've no money to spare," answered Jacobs.

"That's of no consequence. Your credit is good for any amount."

"A world too good, I find," said Jacobs, beginning to button up his coat with the air of a man who had lost his pocket-book, and feels disposed to look well that his purse doesn't follow in the same unprofitable direction.

"How so? What do you mean?" asked the storekeeper.

"My good credit has taken a hundred and twenty dollars out of my pocket," replied Jacobs.

"I don't understand you," said Edwards, looking serious.

"It's a very plain case," answered Jacobs. "This credit account at your store has induced myself and wife to purchase twice as many goods as we would otherwise have bought. That has taken sixty dollars out of my pocket; and sixty dollars more have been spent, under temptations, because it was in the purse instead of being paid out for goods credited to us on your books. Now do you understand me?"

The storekeeper was silent.

"Good morning, Mr. Edwards," said Jacobs. "When I have cash to spare, I shall be happy to spend it with you; but no more book account for me."

Wiser will they be who profit by the experience of Mr. Jacobs. These credit accounts are a curse to people with moderate income, and should never under any pretence be opened.

BEAUTIFYING YOUR HOMES.

Every man should do his best to own a home. The first money which he can spare ought to be invested in a dwelling, where his family can live permanently.

Viewed as a matter of economy, that is important not only because he can ordinarily build cheaper than he can rent, but because of the expense caused by a frequent change of residence. A man, who, in early life, built a home for himself and family, will save some thousands of dollars in the course of twenty years, besides avoiding the inconvenience and trouble of removals. Apart from this, there is something agreeable to our better nature in having a home that we can call our own. It is a form of property that is more than property. It speaks to the heart, enlists the sentiments, and ennobles the possessor. The associations that spring up around it, as the birthplace of children—as the scene of life's holiest emotions—as the sanctuary where the spirit cherished its purest thoughts, are sure as all value, and whenever their influence is exerted, the moral sensibilities are improved and exalted. The greater part of our happiness of to-day, is increased by the place we were happy on yesterday, and that, insensibly, scenes and circumstances gather up a store of blessedness for the weary hours of the future!

On this account we should do all in our power to make home attractive. Not only should we cultivate such tempers as serve to render its intercourse amiable and affectionate, but we should strive to adorn it with those charms which good sense and refinement so easily impart to it.—We say easily, for there are persons who think that a home can not be beautified without a considerable outlay of money. Such people are in error. It costs little to have a neat flower garden, and to surround your dwelling with those simple beauties which delight the eye far more than expensive objects. If you will let the sunshine and dew adorn your yard, they will do more for you than any artist. Nature delights in beauty. She loves to brighten the landscape and make it agreeable to the eye. She hangs the ivy around the ruin, and over the stump of the withered tree twines the grateful vine. A thousand arts she practices to animate the scenes and please the mind. Follow her example, and do for yourself what she is always laboring to do for you. Beauty is a divine instrumentality. It is one of God's chosen forms of power. We never see creative energy without something beyond mere existence, and hence the whole universe is a teacher and inspirer of beauty. Every man was born to be an artist, so far as the apprehension and enjoyment of beauty is concerned; and he robs himself of one of the precious gifts of his being, if he fail to fulfill this beneficial purpose of his creation.

[Newbern Gazette.]

MISCELLANEOUS AND NEWS ITEMS.

—Health is the greatest of all bodily pleasures, but the least thought of.

—Every man is the architect of his own fortune, for character is fate.

—A short needle makes the best expedition in plain sewing.

—The shortness of life is very often owing to the irregularities of the liver.

—Always be up at sunrise if you wish to have the most golden of prospects.

—It is easier to be wise for others than for ourselves.

—Nature has sometimes made a fool, but a coxcomb is always of man's own making.

—Our merits procure us the esteem of men of sense, and our good fortunes that of the public.

—Good humor is the blue sky of the soul, in which every star of talent will shine more clearly.

—Why must a man without hands be very garrulous? Because he cannot hold his tongue.

—What prevents a cook from swallowing her apron? Because it goes against her stomach.

—Why should crinoline be abolished? Because it introduces all sorts of women into the most fashionable circles.

—In what ship have the greatest number of men been wrecked? Partnership!

—"Old age is coming on me rapidly," as the urchin said, when stealing apples from an old man's garden, and saw the owner coming, cowhide in hand.

—There is a phrenologist in London who can tell the contents of a barrel by examining its head. He makes his examination with a ginet.

—"My dear wife, I wish you would try to keep your temper." "My dear husband, I wish you would try and get rid of yours."

—An Irish paper announces that a Mr. Kenny, returning to town, fell down and broke his neck, but happily received no further damage!

—A California jury in a suicide case, lately found the following verdict: "We, the jury, find that the deceased was a fool."

—In Ingersoll, Canada, a few days ago, James Finnegan, employed in Oliver's planing mill, fell on a circular saw, and had his head nearly severed from his body.

—"I always pick my company," said a suspicious character, turning from a company of gentlemen to whom he saw he was disagreeable. "And their pockets, too, when you get a chance," replied one of them.

—The amount of guano shipped from the Chinclas in February was 16,312 tons—of which 3,828 tons went to England; 10,105 tons to the United States; 553 tons to France; and 1,377 to Barbadoes.

—Of the once powerful tribe of Pequot Indians, there now remain fourteen males and seventeen females, residing on a reservation of 180 acres in the town of Ledyard, Conn. Their property amounts to \$8,582.

—Mr. John Bivens and Miss M. A. Turk were married at Prattville, Greene county, N. Y., at 7½ o'clock P. M., on the 10th inst., and at nine o'clock the same evening the bride died.

—John Lehman has been sentenced to imprisonment for life, at Urbana, Mo., for violating the person of Miss Deliah Wilderman. The prisoner was a day or two afterwards convicted of horsestealing, and sentenced to an additional eight years.